

Poines. Good morrow sweet *Hal*. What saies Monsieur Remorse? What saies Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar: lacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule, that thou soldst him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuell shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs: He will giue the diuell his due.

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prin. Else he had damn'd for cozening the diuell.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purfes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues: Gads-hill lyes to night in Rochester, I haue bespoke Supper to morrow in Eastcheape; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stuffe your Purfes full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poy. Sir Iohn, I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, maist thou haue the Spirit of perswasion; and he the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue; and what he heares may be beleued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Farewell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

Prin. Farewell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer.

Poy. Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a iest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaffe*, *Harney*, *Rossill*, and *Gads-hill*, shall robbe those men that wee haue already way-layde, your selfe and I, wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

Prin. But how shal we part with them in setting forth?

Poy. Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but wee'l set vpon them.

Prin. I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

Poy. Tut our horses they shall not see, Ile tye them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and sirrah, I haue Cafes of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Poy. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as

true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear Armes. The vertue of this Iest will be, the incomprehensible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe of this, lyes the iest.

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile sup. Farewell.

Poy. Farewell, my Lord.

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold The vnyoak'd humor of your idlenesse: Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne, Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes To smother vp his Beauty from the world, That when he please againe to be himselfe, Being wanted, he may be more wondred at, By breaking through the foule and vgly mists Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him. If all the yeare were playing holidayes, To sport, would be as tedious as to worke; But when they teldome come, they wisht-for come, And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents. So when this loose behaviour I throw off, And pay the debt I neuer promised; By how much better then my word I am, By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes, And like bright Mettall on a sullen ground: My reformation glittering o're my fault, Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes, Then that which hath no foyle to set it off. Ile so offend, to make offence a skill, Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath bene too cold and temperate, Vnapt to stirre at these indignities, And you haue found me; for accordingly, You tread vpon my patience: But be sure, I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe, Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition Which hath bene smooth as Oyle, soft as yong Downe, And therefore lost that Title of respect,

Which the proud soule ne're payes, but to the proud. *Wor.* Our house (my Soueraigne Liege) little deserues The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it, And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands Haue holpe to make so portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worcester get thee gone: for I do see Danger and disobedience in thine eye. O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory, And Maiestie might neuer yet endure The moody Frontier of a seruant brow, You haue good leaue to leaue vs. When we need Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you. You were about to speake.

North. Yea, my good Lord.

Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded, Which *Harry Percy* heere at *Holmesdon* tooke, Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied As was deliuered to your Maiesty: And who either through enuy, or mispition, Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners. But, I remember when the fight was done, When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle, Breathlesse, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword, Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest, Fresh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt, Shew'd like a stubble Land at Haruest home. He was perfum'd like a Milliner, And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held A Pouncet-box: which euer and anon He gaue his Nose, and took't away againe: Who therewith angry, when it next came there, Tooke it in Snuffe. And still he smil'd and talk'd: And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by, He call'd them vntaught Knaues, Vnmannerly, To bring a flowenly vnhandsome Coarse Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility. With many Holiday and Lady termine He question'd me: Among the rest, demanded My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behalfe.

I then, all-smarting, with my wounds being cold, (To be so pester'd with a Poppingay) Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience, Answer'd (neglectingly) I know not what, He should, or should not: For he made me mad, To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet, And talke so like a Waiting-Gentleman, Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God saue the marke; And telling me, the Soueraign'st thing on earth Was Parnacity, for an inward bruisse: And that it was great pity, so it was, That villanous Salt-peter should be digg'd Out of the Bowels of the harmlesse Earth, Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes, He would himselfe haue bene a Souldier. This bald, vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord) Made me to answer indirectly (as I said.) And I beseech you, let not this report Come currant for an Accusation, Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maiesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord, What euer *Harry Percy* then had said, To such a person, and in such a place, At such a time, with all the rest retold, May reasonably dye, and neuer rise What then he said, so he vnsway it now.

King. Why yet doth deny his Prisoners, But with Prouiso and Exception, That we at our owne charge, shall ransom straight His Brother-in-Law, the foolish *Mortimer*, Who (in my soule) hath wilfully betray'd The liues of those, that he did leade to Fight, Against the great Magician, damn'd *Glendower*: Whose daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then, Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home? Shall we buy Treason, and indent with Feares, When they haue lost and forfeited themselves?

No: on the barren Mountaine let him sterue: For I shall neuer hold that man my Friend, Whose tongue shall aske me for one peny cost To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*?

He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege, But by the chance of Warre: to proue that true, Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds, Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke, When on the gentle *Sepernes* siedgie banke, In single Opposition hand to hand, He did confound the best part of an houre In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*: Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink Vpon agreement, of swift *Severnes* flood; Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes, Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds, And hid his crispe head in the hollow banke, Blood-stained with these Valiant Combatants. Neuer did base and rotten Policy Colour her working with such deadly wounds; Nor neuer could the Noble *Mortimer* Receiue so many, and all willingly: Then let him not be stand'ed with Revolt.

King. Thou do'st bely him *Percy*, thou dost bely him: He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*: I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the diuell alone, As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy. Art thou not asham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*. Send me your Prisoners with the speediest meanes, Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me As will displease ye. My Lord *Northumberland*, We License your departure with your sonne, Send vs your Prisoners, or you'll heare of it. Exit *King*.

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them I will not send them. I will after straight And tell him so: for I will ease my heart, Although it be with hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunke with choller? stay & pause awhile, Heere comes your Vnckle. Enter *Worcester*.

Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?

Yes, I will speake of him, and let my soule Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him. In his behalfe, Ile empty all these Veines, And shed my deere blood drop by drop i'th dust, But I will lift the downfall *Mortimer*. As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King, As this Ingrate and Cankred *Bullingbrooke*.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.

Wor. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will (forsooth) haue all my Prisoners: And when I vrg'd the ransom once againe Of my Wiues Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale, And on my face he turn'd an eye of death, Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation, And then it was, when the vnhappy King (Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth Vpon his Irish Expedition:

From whence he intercepted, did returne To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth Liue scandaliz'd, and fouly spoken of.

Hot.